

OUR DUMB Animals

JUNE
1957

WHO'S WASHING WHOM?

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY

for the

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY

TO ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE

EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Louis A. Pappard





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MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
 AND
 AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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"Every Consideration Is Given to Their Bodily Comfort"

PALM SUNDAY, 1958, dawned, mild and sunny—a welcome relief from a long, hard winter. The birds were out in force, singing their happy songs as if greeting the Holy Day. Worshippers were getting ready for church.

We never did get to church that Palm Sunday because a telephone call from a newspaper reporter sent five of us from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals staff hurrying to a farm in Franklin, where we had to view as horrible a case of gross cruelty to suffering animals as we have ever witnessed.

In a makeshift hovel, with no pretense of tightness of roof on any side, front completely open to all kinds of weather, we found eleven unfortunate dogs — some dreadfully emaciated — some wretched from mange — one pitiful female ready to have puppies — and one poor black female recently operated upon, too sick and too weak even to stand!

There was no sign of food or water, but mud everywhere. The farmer told us that every three or four days he gave them some garbage and now and then threw in a dead fowl, feathers and all, from his poultry house.

Among the living was the skeleton and some hide of another dog — evidently devoured by its starving companions. Remains of dead dogs were found near the so-called kennel. Two in desperate condition were immediately seized and brought to our Angell Memorial Hospital for merciful care; and under legal advice we removed the rest to our Hospital the next morning. They have been in our care since. The female that was "expecting" gave birth to ten puppies — and how fortunate for her that she could have them at our Hospital — but the unfortunate black female died in spite of all we could do for her.

As this goes to press, the farmer and the physician who had charge of the dog procurement are awaiting trial on charges of cruelty. We remember that when the Pound Seizure Bill was being debated, medical spokesmen testified before the Legal Affairs Committee that "Experimental animals receive treatment comparable to that given to humans. Every consideration is given to their bodily comfort." The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is not out to battle the medical profession, but it is out with all forces at its command to do what it can to put a stop to medical indifference and carelessness toward experimental animals.

The Franklin case may be an extreme example of evil, but it shows that the researchers have much cleaning up to do in their own back yards. In fact, we are told that when three local medical institutions recently applied for licenses to take animals from public pounds, their provisions for the care of animals were so unsatisfactory that licenses were withheld until corrected. And this only brings to light again a deplorable lack of responsible oversight, such as was revealed by the report of a recess study commission, set up by the Legislature itself several years ago, on the treatment of experimental animals by some medical schools and hospitals.

If eminent doctors must use living animals in their research, let them as men of honor respect their promises of "treatment comparable to that given to humans".

At the last minute, our readers will be interested to learn that the trial was held May 14, and that the farmer was found guilty and fined \$250 and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction; and that the doctor was found guilty and fined \$50. The Society will humanely dispose of the seized animals.

E. H. H.

What can you say when your small daughter asks you the question

Daddy, do dogs go to heaven?

By Ed Prewitt

IT was Sunday morning. Six-year old Bonnie, and her father, Bill Ruperts, of Elizabeth, Indiana, were returning from Sunday School.

"Daddy, when dogs die, do they go where Jesus lives?" unexpectedly asked Bonnie.

"Honey, dogs don't go to ———," was Bill's unfinished reply.

His thoughts changed to memories of some of the dogs he had known and their unselfish deeds of forgiveness, patience, faith, loyalty and love.

Bill remembered Bulger, a neighbor's dog. The patient animal, though often mistreated, was always ready to forgive his unkind and cruel master.

Then there was King, his own shep-

herd dog, and Bill's constant protector. On one occasion the big shaggy dog became confused as to the difference between real danger and necessary child correction. At the time, Bill's father started to whip him for a childish prank. Thinking harm threatened his small master, King quickly bounded to the rear and before Mr. Ruperts could get out of his way, the dog had fastened a firm grip to the seat of his overalls. King tugged to pull him away from Bill. It was just as well that the whipping wasn't finished because when a father's sense of humor has been aroused he isn't too impressive as a stern corrector of errant youth. After this experience, however, Mr. Ruperts reversed the usual arrangement. When

Bill needed chastisement, King was put in the wood shed.

At a dog and cat kennel Bill was recently attracted to two dogs, occupants of a single cage. Since the enclosure was only large enough to comfortably house one dog, Bill spoke to an attendant.

"Why don't you put those dogs in separate pens so they won't be so crowded?"

"We tried that but it didn't work too well," chuckled the man.

"Those dogs aren't even related, yet they're so devoted to each other they're happier together though cramped for space. When we separated them they barked their heads off."

Most dogs have a superior brand of faith in common. How much happier all of us would be if we trusted our Master as dogs do their human masters.

Bonnie waited not too patiently for her father's answer. She repeated, "Daddy, when dogs die, do they go where Jesus is?"

Bill's own religious belief finally helped him to answer her question. He knew of course that both animal and human bodies return to dust after death. But inside there is a God-given force that is responsible for all lovable traits and good deeds. This force never dies. While there is no reference in the Bible that animals are created with souls, Bill, like other religious people, believed that God never creates anything to be wasted. So it is not logical to believe that dogs and their lovable traits are lost after they die. That would not be in accord with God's eternal plan.

"Bonnie, I'm sure Jesus does have a Heaven for dogs to go after they die. Daddy isn't smart enough to know just what dogs do up there, but he is certain it is something they love to do and they are happy dogs."

The child smiled, satisfied with her father's answer.



If we could trust our Master as dogs do their human ones.



Dove Dilemma

Story and drawing by Lois S. Kuhn

THIS summer, two of the mourning doves that frequent our five acres of Indiana wooded countryside can point to a rough platform of twigs in the old peach tree and brag to any companion that will listen, "We were hatched in that nest two years ago—but not on that limb."

Now nests do not hop from limb to limb. Besides that, not many mourning doves can find their birthplace nest intact, even the next spring. The loosely woven structure usually goes to pieces in the first storm of winter. The nest in our peach tree is an exception because special work was done on it.

About four p.m. on August 28, a limb of the peach tree cracked under the weight of fruit and bent to the ground. When we went out to investigate, we saw two dove nestlings close together on the grass. Just above them, on the broken limb, their nest of twigs, all askew, was perched.

The dovelings did not seem to be hurt. Probably they rode the nest part way down and leaves broke their fall the rest of the way to the ground. They were queer-looking babies, not downy at all, but covered with dingy white quills. We

judged them to be four or five days old.

The man of the house was quick to see what was needed. He chose a fork on a sound limb as near as possible to the former location. Then he cut loose the twigs to which the nest had been anchored, and lifted the fragile structure to the new site. With binder twine he attached the foundation twigs to the branches forming the crotch and added criss-cross strands. Into these he wove sticks and twigs to replace those which had dropped out during moving operations.

I helped where I could, keeping one eye on the pair of quietly waiting baby doves. When we agreed the repaired nest was sturdy enough, we removed further possible danger in the shape of peaches hanging directly over the nest. Then I handed up one doveling at a time, to be placed on the remodeled lattice work. They did not "fuss around," but remained motionless. We retired to the kitchen window to watch developments.

The parent doves had been circling about, and after a few more flights around the tree, one of them settled down beside the nest. Doubtless it was feeding time.

Very young doves and pigeons, we remembered, are fed a creamy fluid called "pigeon's milk" which is formed in the crop of both parents.

Next morning the young doves were still on their nesting platform. In the days that followed we were careful not to approach the tree to gather fallen peaches if a parent dove was in attendance, fearing a startled take-off might knock a baby from the nest.

After about a week the pair of youngsters were feathered out and almost as large as the parents. On the afternoon of September 6, I failed to observe a parent near the nest. My appearance under the tree caused it to take sudden flight. The young ones followed.

I felt regretful, until I consulted my calendar notes and found the accident to the nest had occurred 10 days previously. The young birds were now at least 14 days old, and must have left the nest just about on schedule.

The nest was not used last summer. Perhaps mourning doves, unlike robins, have no sense of previous nest location, due to their habit of building such unsubstantial structures.

Houn' Dog

By Ben T. Traywick



He was just allergic to anything that called for energy.

IN the pleasant memories of my childhood in the hills of Tennessee, there is instilled a vision of an old Walker hound. I can easily recall the amusing struggle between my Dad and this particular canine.

Old Blue was a hound with long droopy ears, long spindly legs, a skinny body, and a sad dejected face. Dad traded a hog for Blue and a bushel of corn meal. The fellow who traded Blue to my Daddy was sure a fast talker, because he had Dad believing that Walker hound was the best "tree" hound in the country. Of course, Dad was always partial to Walker hounds, and it wasn't hard to convince him.

Anyway, as it turned out, not only was Blue *not* the best "tree" dog in Tennessee, but he didn't care for hunting even a little bit. He'd a whole lot rather lie sprawled out on the porch in the sun. He was just allergic to anything that called for energy.

When we got him, the soles of his feet were raw and sore. I never could figure out how they got that way since he seldom ever used them, but they were in bad shape. Dad liked to walk about the farm through the woods, and he liked his dogs to go with him. Old Blue wouldn't budge an inch. No amount of pleas or threats could move him. Dad took some pine resin from a freshly cut stump and applied the soothing ointment to the soles of Blue's feet. As soon as the resin hardened, walking ceased to be painful and Blue reluctantly followed Dad on his rambles. He soon became a constant companion to Dad. Dad talked to Blue like he was another human being. Regardless of his non-existent ability as a hunting dog, Dad loved him better than any dog he ever owned. But from the day Dad used the resin, old Blue absolutely refused to go anywhere with him until he had first soled his feet with resin. I remember once when we had first got Blue, Dad became especially exasperated with him. He was taking a loan of corn over to Dowelltown, so he just loaded Blue up and took him along. In Dowelltown he gave the hound to an engineer on the Tennessee Central Railroad. Back home Dad informed us, somewhat sadly, what he had done with Blue. I believe he was already sorry he had given the hound away. Next morning Blue was back in his favorite place on the porch. Dad just smiled, but there were tears in his eyes.

All his life Blue loved my father above all else. It was his habit to rush out to the front gate to greet Dad when he returned from town. This was a common occurrence until one day Blue mistook Dad for someone else, due to his failing eyesight brought on by old age; came charging out, growling and snarling. When he came close enough to recognize his master either by sight or scent, it embarrassed him so that he just brushed right on by with hair standing on end, barking at an imaginary intruder.

Old Blue saw the finest of dog life with wise and gentle care from Dad. He was close beside his beloved master the night Dad passed on. Blue lived on for a week, then succumbed to a broken heart. Today his grave is close to Dad's on a hillside overlooking a cedar woods where quiet reigns with only the caw of a crow to break the peaceful stillness.

Why the Milkman was Late

By Mrs. William G. Purcell

AS the summer days became warmer and warmer, our Milkman came later and later. We finally asked him the reason, and mopping his brow, he answered, "It's the dogs." We thought at first that he meant his aching feet, but he went on, "People go away and leave them alone all day without enough water." Then we knew what kind of dogs he meant: lonely, thirsty canines.

"It's a darned shame," he said indignantly. "No water, or

a small bowl left where the hot sun will reach it. People don't mean to be unkind, but they just don't think. So I fill the bowls as I go and put in ice cubes out of the truck. One day I was late and tried to pass up the last ones on the route. They wouldn't let me, though. Those pups howled so, you'd think someone was beating them. I had to go back after all." He's a one-man Be Kind to Animals Society, we thought, as we watched him hurry back to his truck.

Mr. Blue Solves A Problem

By Ina Louez Morris

WHEN Mr. Blue was in his prime and his teeth were all they should be, he'd spend a portion of each fall day under the neighbor's walnut trees, nosing out nuts, cracking them and picking up the goodies.

As he grew older and the business of cracking the hard shells became more and more difficult, he'd bring home his findings and place them on the porch where I was expected to drop whatever I was doing and break them for him.

A session with brick and hammer always brought the other animals a-begging, and since Mr. Blue didn't seem to mind, I'd share his stock with the others. One for him, one for Sheila, one for Pumpkin and if there were plenty, one for each of the horses.

This year's business of nut gathering began as usual with one exception—Sheila. Somewhere between naps she had reasoned that instead of a third or a fourth of Mr. Blue's gleanings, she could have all by simply cracking and eating the nuts as they were delivered.

That she was aware of wrongdoing was evidenced by her roundabout procedure. She'd pretend to be deep in sleep when Mr. Blue returned with his pickings, moving only her eyes to watch where he deposited the nut. The minute Mr. Blue was out of sight, up she'd bounce, hurry to the porch, snatch up the nut and run with it to the high weeds.

As far as I know, Mr. Blue never caught her in the act of pilfering, but he must have suspected where the nuts were going, also the identity of the culprit, because he suddenly stopped dropping his goodies on the doorstep. Instead he'd come to the front door and scratch, demanding entrance. Inside, he'd drop the nut at my feet and woof. This was my cue to snap to attention, run to the knife drawer, find the nut cracker, open the nut and feed him.

In a matter of minutes he'd be back and the business of

Mr. Blue didn't like this plan a little bit, thinking no doubt that like Sheila, I was advancing my interests at his expense. He'd sit and stare at me with wide, accusing eyes, all the while muttering accusations in a deep-throated monotone.

opening the door, finding the nut cracker, picking out the meat and serving him, would begin all over again.

After a while I got tired of the routine and as before, put aside his cache to be taken care of later.

Without a safe depository for his nuts, Mr. Blue had no alternative but to carry them about in his mouth. Eventually of course, he had to drop them, which was just what Sheila was waiting for.

It was a frustrating situation to say the least, but Mr. Blue finally found a solution to his problem in a manner that indicated he had given the matter much thought.

Down the road about three hundred feet where the mailboxes are, there is also a large walnut tree that overhangs the road. Until recently, nobody bothered to harvest these inferior nuts, so the nuts fell, to be crushed by passing cars. To this spot, Mr. Blue, weary of Sheila's thievery and my dilatory service, hied himself.

From my kitchen window I'd watch him crouch under the mailboxes where he was safe from passing traffic and wait for a car to run over the fallen nuts. When the car had passed, he'd step cautiously onto the road, pick up the best of the windfall and carry it to his hideaway.

How many nuts he consumed in a day I don't know, but it wasn't long until I noticed Mr. Blue taking on the shape of an overstuffed sausage. Not only was his back four hands across, his middle sagged like a loaded hammock.

"You pig, you!" I scolded, aware that in solving his problem, he had dumped a larger one smack into *my* lap. Now, I suppose, it is up to me to figure ways and means of preventing him from becoming a doggy fatso.



"Somebody's been tampering with my walnuts"



Beamy's desire was to please.

Beamy Rescues the Parrot

By Marjorie Butler

BEAMY was my cream-colored Persian cat, very beautiful, and, as his name indicates, of a sunny disposition.

One afternoon, I was visiting at the home of a neighbor, who told me that she was much distressed because the parrot which her daughter had left with her while away on a trip, had escaped from its cage and was now in the top of a tall tree in the yard. We could see the pretty blue and yellow bird up there, but calling and coaxing was ineffective in getting it down. Beamy had followed me to the neighbor's house, where he was well known and welcome. He settled himself in a chair under the tree and gazed benignly upon us as the story of the bird's escape was related, and to my remark that I hoped the bird would get down and be in its cage before the daughter returned. Finally Beamy closed his eyes and slept, and when I arose to go he awoke, jumped down from the chair and followed me home.

I did not think much more about the incident until the next morning, when about five o'clock I was awakened by a man's voice calling: "Drop that bird, Beamy! Drop that bird!" It was the man whose daughter owned the parrot, and he, barely clothed and with shaving lather on his face, was coming as fast as he could through the hedge. Beamy was in advance, slipping easily through the hedge, and the parrot was in his mouth. The man, however, was obliged to de-

tour and come by way of the sidewalk, though making good time in doing so. Meanwhile, I called gently to Beamy: "Come Beamy—bring me the bird," and Beamy came right along, holding the bird and cocking one eye at me as much as to say: "I'm coming just as fast as I can!" He came to the porch and laid the bird at my feet, ever so gently, then retired with dignity to a favorite spot of his and began to wash his face with vigor. The parrot was absolutely unharmed and strutted up and down the porch, rather excited and scolding a bit, but none the worse for his escapade. The neighbor came up and stared in amazement. "I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," said he. The parrot was returned to his cage and all was well.

I might add that Beamy was only a tiny kitten when I began to teach him that he must pay no attention at all to birds. I talked to him a great deal about it, saying over and over: "Don't even look at birds." If I saw him doing so, I would turn his face away, maybe tapping him gently on the head for emphasis. After a while he paid no attention at all to birds.

The incident just related plainly proves that Beamy understood the situation, after hearing the conversation, and that his prevailing desire was to please me and rescue the parrot even though he did not understand the reason.

Help Yourself

The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. **PLEASE**, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any. This will help us to help you!

Dogs Are Courteous Guests

—Item from the Tucson Daily Citizen

A MAN wrote a Texas motel for a reservation and asked if he could bring his dog.

The reply said:

"We have never had a dog fall asleep in bed smoking and burn anything up. We have never had a dog spill alcoholic drinks all over the furniture and ruin it. We have never caught a dog leaving the premises with a bath-towel or a pillowcase in his suitcase. Sure, the dog is welcome."

Evidently, our fourfooted friends could teach their masters a lesson in courtesy and care of the property of others.

Believe It or Not!

By Ruth S. Bitter

SCANDINAVIA is a step ahead of us in the care of canines. In Norway there is a blood bank for dogs. Healthy, live dogs, of any breed, can give their blood without any damage to themselves, and with great benefit to those dogs who are in need of transfusions. Stored blood can be used up to four days after it is collected. Canine blood types have not been determined, but unlike humans a first transfusion can be safely given without typing. If more blood is needed, the donor blood is tested by cross-matching.

NOW that summer vacation plans are being made, the pet owner has a decision to make: should the pet go along or should he be left at home? Leaving him home means boarding him at a local animal hospital or relying on a neighbor's generosity. My wife and I faced this problem many times but each time our decision was the same—we took our dog. We never had occasion to be sorry.

We bought Captain when he was six weeks old, and two weeks later we took him on vacation with us. During this time, we camped at several state parks in New York's Catskill and Adirondack areas. The rangers permit dogs in these parks as long as they are kept under control and are not allowed to run free and annoy others. Our trip was more enjoyable than we anticipated because of the antics of our puppy. It was on this trip that I showed Captain how to swim, or perhaps, I should say he showed me he knew how to swim. I took him to a deserted section of the Sacandaga River where I left him on shore while I swam out into the river. I called him while I was treading water. He did not hesitate, but jumped in the water and swam out to me. When he reached me he playfully nipped me on the nose and swam back to shore. Captain could swim.

We have travelled with our dog through seven states in the Northeastern corner of the United States. We have stopped at motels in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts. Not once were we ever turned away because we had our dog with us. I do not recommend, however, that others travel with a dog the way we did, without reservations or without the advance knowledge of which motel would accept pets. We traveled this way because we did not want to tie ourselves down to a traveling schedule and because we did not know of any source of information that listed motels that accepted tourists with a dog.

Recently we found that the Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, publishes a booklet entitled "Touring with Touser." This booklet lists places where a dog is welcome. It lists the regulations governing travel with dogs on trains and planes. There are also hints on the care of animals while travel-

Take Him Or Leave Him?

by
Edward F. Paul

ing and some courtesy reminders on keeping the pet well behaved.

Most of our vacations were spent behind the wheel of our car. The one rule we made in fairness to our dog was to stop frequently. Somehow, these stops

did not seem to be as boring as the stops we used to make to prevent driver fatigue.

In fact, our vacations are much more relaxing now that we take our dog with us. So, take your pet with you; you will be glad you did.

With a face like this, how could we leave him at home?



ANIMALS IN

to Animals 180 Longwood Ave.
Society
ue, Boston, has appealed to
all animal lovers for discarded
blankets and cotton cloth to be
used in the cages of the
Memorial Animal Hospital.
Society officials following statement
called to our attention that the
present supply of blankets and
cloth is nearly exhausted, and
we find it necessary to replen-
ish our needs if we are to pro-
vide maximum care and comfort
for the many animals.

Nantucket branch of the society with the long name, The Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

maintained and supported by The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a non-profit organization, is located on Bear Island, Lake Umbagog, New Hampshire. The sanctuary is the first of its kind in the Northeast. It has a large collection of birds, mammals, and reptiles. The sanctuary is open to the public and is a popular destination for birdwatchers and nature enthusiasts. The sanctuary is also a great place for children to learn about wildlife and conservation. The sanctuary is a great place for children to learn about wildlife and conservation. The sanctuary is a great place for children to learn about wildlife and conservation.

were inspected at 130 animals
railroad yards, or on investigations,
tion, officials reported. There
were 17 prosecutions, 14 convictions,
and 14,423 ambulance calls during the year.

Dr. J. H. Hansen was re-elected president; Edward C. Pick-
er officer; William A. Swallow, secretary;
William H. Potter, treasurer, and Eunice C.
Pick- assistant treasurer.

Directors elected were: Dr. J. H. Hansen, Mr. E. C. Pick-

Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, staff of the Ansell Hospital, presented an medal and certificate on behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the



HAPPY REUNION

When Tina, blind 5-year-old German Shepherd disappeared, her master, Dusty Walker of Phoenix, Arizona, appealed for help in locating her through a local newspaper. Tina, blind for the last two years, happily was found a mile from home by a woman reader who contacted Walker.

The Arizona Republic

THE MIDGET AND THE MONSTER

Being raised on doll-sized nursing bottles is this tiny beagle pup in shadow of Bruno, a huge part Great Dane and part St. Bernard dog at home of Mr. & Mrs. Irving Tripp, Jr. The pup is only survivor of a litter of six after mother was found to have milk with blood condition similar to RH factor in humans. Now pup weighs all of one pound, is four inches long and progressing.



AP Wirephoto

B. Schnelle, chief of the Angell Memorial Society, presented an engraved certificate of merit on the Massachusetts Animal Welfare Society of Lynnfield, both of Lynnfield, were presented citations of merit today by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their contribution in rescuing a dog from the ice on March 1. The dog, a collie, was found in the ice and, 600 feet from the shore, was rescued by patrolman William Denamater, 490 Salem street, who was presented the awards by Agent Carl Bragner, at the home of the patrolman at 1 p.m. today.

Mr. Albert A. Pollard, director of the American Humane Education Society, whose office is in the same building as the Angell Memorial Society, also presented a citation of merit to the Lynnfield Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their contribution in rescuing a dog from the ice on March 1. The dog, a collie, was found in the ice and, 600 feet from the shore, was rescued by patrolman William Denamater, 490 Salem street, who was presented the awards by Agent Carl Bragner, at the home of the patrolman at 1 p.m. today.

poster contest sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society of Boston. Posters which reach our desk monthly is "Our Dumb Animals" produced by the M.S.P.C.A. It is profusely illustrated with appealing pictures of our four-footed friends. The current issue features a story about a dog named "Merle" who was found in the ice and, 600 feet from the shore, was rescued by patrolman William Denamater, 490 Salem street, who was presented the awards by Agent Carl Bragner, at the home of the patrolman at 1 p.m. today.

to be used Memorial Society of ing statement to our attention supply of nearly depleted necessary to we are to p and comfort that are br hospitalization ly true in tl where disten and where I



ANYTHING WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Susie, a cocker spaniel belonging to the James Stanlaw family of Miami, Florida, had seven pups. Shortly afterwards, the family also acquired a duckling named Louie, who was promptly adopted into Susie's family. Susie washes Louie, just as she does the rest of the pups, and they all bed down together. Susie occasionally eats duck food left for Louie, and Louie swipes Susie's dog food.

Photo by Alice Bixler

QUADRUPLETS!

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Powell, who live in Grand Prairie, Texas, have a Nubian goat named Sugar who is the mother of quadruplet kids. Quads among goats are rare, though twins are common and triplets not unknown. These four kids are named Eenie, Meenie, Miny and Mo, in order of their births, and are the third generation of quads in Sugar's family.



Dallas Morning News

The Pekingese as a Pet

By Ann Russell

YEARS in the Western World have subtracted nothing from the distinctly Oriental appearance and personality of the Pekingese. His blunt, relatively massive head, leonine body, and flamboyant coat somehow express the boldness for which he is famed and suggest something of ancient Chinese opulence and fantasy.

Developed mainly by the rulers of China, dogs of the Pekingese type can be traced back in Chinese art to at least the Tang dynasty of the eighth century. In their native land they were referred to variously as Dragon Dogs, Lion Dogs, and Sun Dogs. The modern Western history of the breed dates from the looting of the Peking Palace by the British in 1860. Five dogs of various colors were brought back to England and one was presented to Queen Victoria. At the end of the nineteenth century a number of key imports were made, and the breed was recognized in England in 1898. The Pekingese caught on fairly quickly and climbed steadily. Today it ranks fifth in popularity among all breeds in England, and in America it is certainly one of the top-ranking toys.

"But, I thought Pekingese bit children," my neighbor said in surprise watching her youngsters play with our dogs.

Many people have such mistaken ideas about Pekingeses. My

husband and I think these dogs friendly, devoted, and hardy pets.

Lester, my husband, told me what he thought about Pekingese, when I first suggested we buy one.

"One of **THOSE** little things!" he laughed.

But being a loving husband he went along to pick out the puppy. Today, several months later, it's husband who usually holds two little Pekingese fondly in his lap.

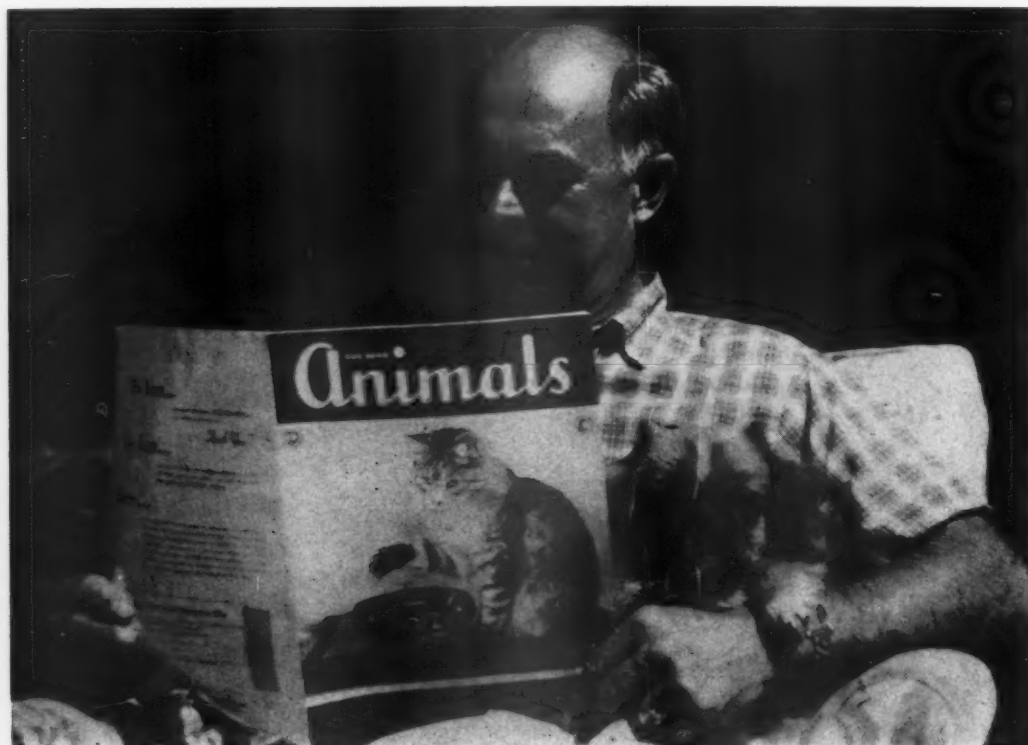
He enjoys, too, walks with the dogs who set a fast pace.

It's fun watching these dogs win over a person. For instance: there's our grocer. "Before I knew your Pekingese," he admitted to us one day, "I would never go near those dogs. Thought they'd nip for sure."

Then there's Mike, our teen-age paper boy. He delivers our paper to the front door. This gives him a few minutes of play with the dogs. Mike whistles in that certain way as he bicycles down the road. When the dogs hear his familiar greeting each tries to reach Mike first.

Once our dogs make a friend, they romp all over the visiting caller. Affectionate licking and vigorous tail wagging is their way of saying "Hello!"

These anxious to please, good-tempered, husky pets win new admirers everyday.



Now my husband holds the little Pekingese and reads "our favorite magazine."

Fred Learns a Lesson

By Edna Mae Anderson

ALWAYS before, Shing Mo's kittens had been snow-white with black noses, black-tipped ears, sooty paws and black tails. They looked just like Shing Mo.

Patty had a special box in her room where the mother cat kept her babies. Always? Well, always until the day Patty brought a long face to the table.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"Shing Mo has some new kittens," answered Patty.

"That's nice," said mother.

"No, it isn't," burst out Patty weeping. "They are all funny colors."

Dropping everything, the whole family rushed in to inspect the new kittens. "Well," said mother, "what a mess of tiger cats!"

Shing Mo purred and kept right on polishing her strangely striped family. They were brown and yellow, black and brown, or speckled like little clowns.

When Mom and Dad left the room, Fred stayed to tease his little sister. He walked up to the box and growled, "Shame on you, Shing Mo. You ought to be ashamed of such ugly kittens."

"They are not ugly," protested Patty. "They are just different."

But Fred kept right on, his voice growing more and more severe as he talked to the mother cat. "Shame on you. Shame on you," he said over and over. At last, just as tears rolled down Patty's rosy cheeks, he ran off laughing.

"Patty," called mother. "I want you to go to the store for me."

When Patty got back from the store, Shing Mo's box was empty.

"Maybe she's ashamed of them too," teased Fred.

"She isn't either," cried Patty. "You hurt her feelings."

Fred felt pretty mean. So he took a flashlight and searched for the kittens. He looked under the house, in the garage, even down in the old barn. There was no sign of them. When he went to bed, he felt like the meanest boy in the town.

Next morning, he went down by the old shed and there he heard a queer little mewling sound. The kittens! He followed



They were speckled like little clowns.

the sound back to an old packing case and there they were, hidden way back in a corner.

Gently he wrapped them in his sweater and carried them back to Patty. The mother cat was so worried she tried to wrap herself around his legs. "Don't worry, Shing Mo," he pleaded. "I won't hurt them. And I will never tease you again."

When Fred got to Patty's room, he held out the sweater full of wriggly babies saying, "Here are your kittens. Shing Mo had hidden them out in the shed."

Patty put them back in their warm box. Shing Mo climbed daintily in and began polishing them with her tongue.

"See how she loves them," exclaimed Patty.

"She sure does," said Fred. "She doesn't mind their color, and gee, I'm sorry I teased her. But who would ever have thought that a cat could understand English?"

Mother was just then passing the bedroom door, so she came in and looked down on the cute little tiger cats cuddled close to their mother, and then she smiled at the children. "Shing Mo may not have understood your words," she said, "but she knew by the tone of your voice that you were not pleased with her. It isn't always *what* we say that hurts, it is *how* we say it."

Chum's Vacation

By Clara E. Putnam

WHEN the Brown family goes on a vacation camping trip, their little dog, Chum, goes along. Last year they spent the summer just outside a resort town that boasts a very good moving picture theatre. The night before breaking camp they decided to attend the movies in a body as there was an unusually fine play advertised. Since it seemed unwise to leave Chum alone in camp they planned to take him along and shut him in the car until the show was over. But when it was time to start no little black spaniel could be found.

Shortly after they were seated Chum walked in, and ignoring their whispered attempt to attract his attention, marched calmly

down the aisle to the very front row, jumped up on a seat and sat quietly until the play was over.

As Mrs. Brown gathered him up in her arms she murmured an apology to a near-by usher, explaining that the little dog must have trailed them.

The usher laughed.

"No, Madam," he replied, "that little dog has attended the movies all by himself nearly every night this summer. He always takes that same front seat, sits quietly and does not make a bit of fuss. We've got so we save his place for him and we'd kind of miss him if he didn't come."



A typical morning at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital waiting room, 180 Longwood Ave. Anxious owners leave their pets for treatment or claim them after recovery. A sample of what goes on at the Society's hospital in one day is shown as follows:

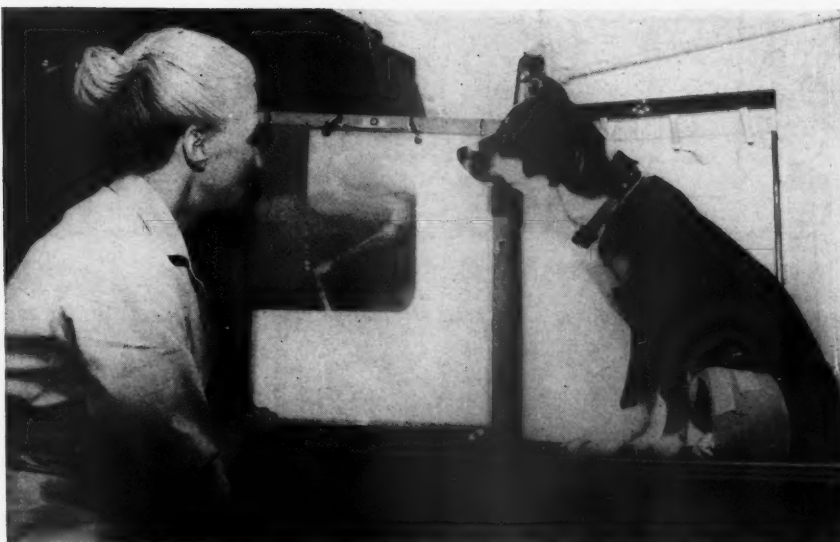


Ginger, a 4-month-old beagle puppy with a fractured "elbow," was hit by a car and injured during National Dog Week! She is being treated at our Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield.

—Springfield Union

Kay Driscoll, technician at Angell Memorial, and her patient examine the X-Ray. These and many other services are available for sick and injured animals at Angell Memorial.

—Record-American



Dr. Hansen presents safe-driving awards to our ambulance drivers: Louis E. Peaslee from Pittsfield, Walter Kilroy from Boston, Robert E. Mansur from Methuen, and Donald Mathison from Boston. Dr. Hansen makes the presentation along with Mr. Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting officer.



Dr. Margaret L. Petrak, one of our many qualified veterinarians, gives this trusting collie a thorough examination.

—Record-American





YOUNG READER'S

Turtles Are Fun!

Grade 6



Scampie and Bobby are all ready for fun.

—Photo by Etta Morse, Woonsocket, S.D.

Dear Gentlemen:

You asked me to write a letter to you so this is it. I have a dog and a parakeet. The dog's name is Cookie. The parakeet is Chippy. Cookie is a Beagle and Rabbit Hound. Chippy is a girl. She has beautiful blue feathers. Cookie is brown and white. I described them because I could not send a picture.

Yours,
Neil Banks



School's Out!

TURTLES are very slow so I thought Pokey would be a good name for mine.

When I found Pokey he looked like a shell covered with mud. I took him home and put him in a pan of water. Pretty soon his head came out, then his front feet and then his back feet. He swam around a little, then tried to get out. He was always trying to get out of the pan but I fixed that. I found an old cardboard carton and filled it with sand. Then I placed a shallow dish of water in it. He or she, I never found out which, liked the box much better. He liked to bury himself in the sand. Half the time I could never find him and would have to dig him out.

I often put him out on the back porch to get the fresh air and sunshine.

One day when I went to feed Pokey I couldn't find him. Pokey had escaped! I looked everywhere but a lost turtle is pretty hard to find because it is the same color as the grass. I finally gave up looking, but I saved his box just in case.

The next summer when I was working in the garden I was just about to throw a rock away when it started moving. I looked closer and found it was Pokey. I got out his old box and fixed it up for him.

And once again we resumed our friendship.

How To Clean a Horse

By Lee Robbins (Age 11)

WHEN we come in from riding we take some warm water and a sponge and put the water on the horse. Then you get a scraper which is a piece of metal. You scrape the horse. Next you take a lead rope and put his halter on, take the lead rope and hitch it to the halter. Then lead the horse, or maybe let him eat. Later, after he is dry, brush him off.

In the mornings, take his sheet or blanket off. Take a curry comb and a brush. First curry then brush. Then get a steel curry and clean his legs. Next take a mane comb, and comb his mane and forelock. Then take a hook and clean his feet or hoof.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: (Across)—1. June, 4. ape, 5. p.m., 6. Tr., 9. ie, 11. diploma, 14. it, (Down)—1. jam, 2. up, 3. nec, 5. pad, 7. rior, 8. pp, 10. cm, 12. it, 13. II.

PAGES



A Robin Gets a Worm

Grade 2

YESTERDAY I saw a robin. He got a worm. Then he took the worm to his nest. Maybe he was going to feed his babies.



A Verse

By Alice M. Johnson (Age 7)

I HAVE a verse about my dog for you. I would like you to put it in the next issue. My dog is a young female collie dog with a special breed about her. She is very beautiful and gentle as a lamb. She would like to give you greetings too. If you choose mine let me know. My dog hasn't known much illness. She has been brought up kindly so far. I would like to meet you someday. I have found interesting things in the past issues. I hope you are in good shape. Here is my verse:

*My pup's as good as she can be,
When you meet her you'll see.*

Ruddy and Rhubarb

By Nicky Raitz (English 9th)

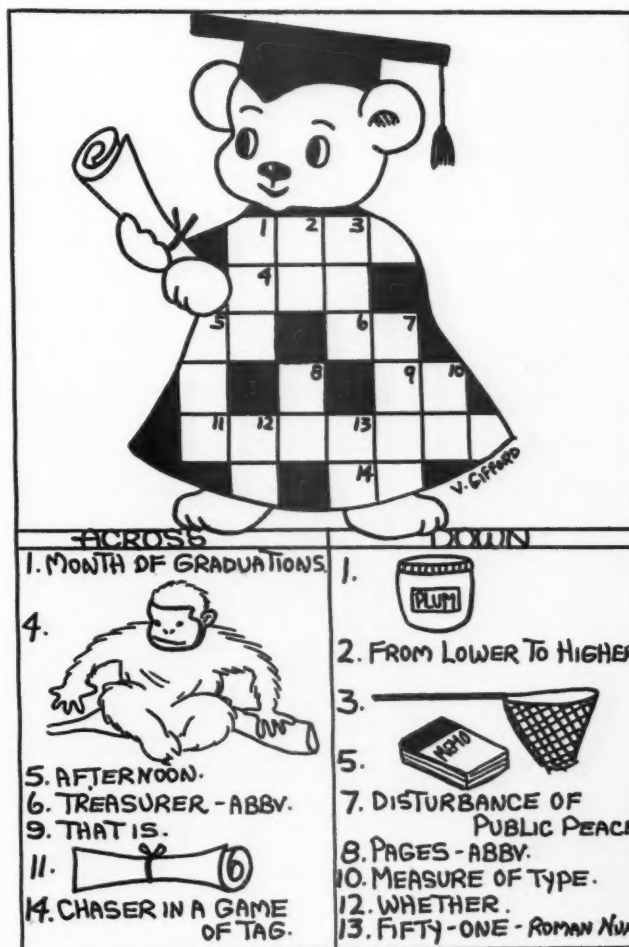
RUDDY was a thoroughbred cocker spaniel, who came to live with a farmer and his family, when he was a month old.

Rhubarb was a baby kitten, who lived next door.

These two were inseparable friends. They went everywhere together. They would go swimming together with Rhubarb on Ruddy's back. Rhubarb also rode on Ruddy's back when they went bird and rabbit hunting. When they wanted something to eat, they would go and pull carrots, green onions, asparagus or rhubarb.

Ruddy also knew a lot of tricks. He could climb a ladder, ring the doorbell, shake hands when introduced to a stranger and ride horseback with the farmer's daughter. He slept behind the stove and always woke the children in the morning. Ruddy also knew how to get a drink when he was thirsty. He would jump into the sink and wait for someone to get a drink. One morning early, when everyone was still asleep, Ruddy wanted a drink. He jumped into the sink, and pushed the water faucet and got himself all wet. When he jumped out he made tracks all over the clean kitchen floor. This time he was in the dog house.

I think Ruddy was a very smart dog. Don't you?



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The Wit of a Cat

By Monk Lofton

A LARGE German Shepherd, we call him "Biloxi," was given to our son in Biloxi, Mississippi in exchange for work done around the kennel.

The cat, we call "Vicious" because she refused to be ejected one morning after we found her abandoned in our front yard the night before and tore into Biloxi with her sharp claws every time she entered his part of the house.

We live in a six-room house in Carlsbad, New Mexico with three doors separating the back part of the house from the three front rooms. Biloxi is restricted to the back bedrooms which contain the hallway. Vicious has the entire run of the house.

It took Vicious only a short time to learn to respect Biloxi's restricted area of the house. She goes in to play with him quite frequently, but as soon as she gets tired of playing or the game gets a little too rough for her, she promptly returns to the front of the house where a good deal of her time is spent running from one door to the other, but always managing to stop just before she gets within reach of the German Shepherd. When we let them out in the yard, however, Vicious' only retreat is in climbing trees, a pastime that worries the big dog, no end.

Often they play together for hours at a time before the female cat gets tired of playing and takes to the trees. Biloxi usually stands by whining until the cat climbs down low enough for him to get her head into his big mouth. Once he gets her head in his mouth, however, he often carries her all over the yard with her little body dangling as if she were dead.

Evidently Biloxi has a parental instinct toward the kitten, and everybody in the neighborhood calls Vicious "Biloxi's Cat." One of Vicious' favorite tricks is to gradually entice Biloxi past his restricted doorway into the living room, for which Biloxi is usually mildly punished, then she spends the next fifteen minutes cutting capers, being very careful to stay within restricted territory, and looking for the world as if she is making fun of the big German Shepherd for being tricked by her treachery.



Biloxi and Vicious: just playing!

Dangerous for Dogs

By Grace B. Caekin

LITTLE Nellie's father promised to return early with new playmates for her. As she saw the truck coming around the curve below the gate she ran toward it.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy," she exclaimed when her father handed two small, soft, fuzzy puppies to her. "They are the loveliest puppies I've ever seen. May I name them?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Robertson. "Any name you please."

"Look at that little black one. He's just like a jumping jack. Let's name him Jack. And the other, the brown one, oh, Daddy, you name him."

"He's been such a good little codger all the way out —."

"Oh, I know," Nellie interrupted, "we'll name him Codger."

In March when Mr. Robertson was getting ready to plant his pear orchard, he found the heavy soil too solid to dig, so he took Nellie and they went to the County Farm Agent office and bought dynamite and caps, which he brought home very carefully. The next day being Saturday, Nellie, who was home from school, begged to be allowed to go out and watch the planting.

Mr. Robertson explained how dangerous the dynamite and caps were and she promised not to go near the box. The holes were being dug and suddenly Nellie saw the two dogs over the box of explosives, ready to pick it up. She had locked them in the house, but someone else had let them out.

"Daddy, Daddy," she called in fright, "Jack and Codger will get blown up."

"Take it easy," her father answered. "Don't startle them, and don't hurry; they might think you want them to bring the box to you. Turn the other way and start, and maybe they will run after you."

Nellie did as she was told. Jack went closer and looked at the box, but Codger saw more fun in running after her. Nellie called again and again, running as fast as her little legs would go in the opposite direction, Codger close at her heels. Suddenly she remembered her scarf, and catching it from around her neck she waved it faster and faster. Mr. Robertson had been walking slowly toward them, and then Jack seemed to think it was play, so he jumped forward.

At that moment, Codger gave a couple of very sharp barks. Jack turned again and saw the gay scarf fluttering above Codger's head, and with a joyful little bark as if to say "Here I am," he ran to Codger and Nellie.

Mr. Robertson was so weak from fright he sat down on the ground.

"Daddy, don't worry," Nellie called to him. "They'll follow me; just as the little prayer says 'Follow in my footsteps.'"

"Bless her and bless the little doggies, too," Mr. Robertson said thankfully. "You take them back to the house and I'll finish planting my trees."

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



S. P. C. A.

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